

# Tattersall's Club Magazine

*The*  
OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.

Vol. 4, No. 2.—June, 1932.

PRICE SIXPENCE.



FEATURING:  
THE AUSTRALIAN OLYMPIC TEAM





# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

## SYDNEY

### SOCIAL FIXTURES

SATURDAY, 18th JUNE:  
DINNER AND DANCE.

THURSDAY, 23rd JUNE:  
CONCERT FOR MEMBERS AND LADIES.

WEDNESDAY, 13th JULY:  
INTER-CLUB GAMES—TATTERSALL'S CLUB v. MASONIC CLUB.

SATURDAY, 23rd JULY:  
GOLF CLUB BALL.

THURSDAY, 28th JULY:  
CONCERT.

WEDNESDAY, 10th AUGUST:  
INTER-CLUB GAMES—A.M.Y.S. v. TATTERSALL'S CLUB.

SATURDAY, 20th AUGUST:  
SWIMMING CLUB BALL.

THURSDAY, 25th AUGUST:  
CONCERT.

SATURDAY, 10th SEPTEMBER:  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB RACE MEETING AT RANDWICK.

WEDNESDAY, 14th SEPTEMBER:  
INTER-CLUB GAMES—TATTERSALL'S CLUB v. ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

SATURDAY, 17th SEPTEMBER:  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB BALL.



# Tattersall's Club Magazine

*The official organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.*

ESTABLISHED 1858.

Vol. 4. No. 2.

JUNE, 1932.

Price Sixpence

## Tattersall's Club

Chairman : W. W. Hill

Treasurer : S. E. Chatterton

Committee :

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George Marlow

J. H. O'Dea

J. A. Roles

J. H. Saunders

W. J. Smith

F. G. Underwood

R. Walder

Secretary : T. T. Manning

**T**ATTERSALL'S CLUB is the largest and most up-to-date Club in the Commonwealth, and Members and Visiting Members enjoy the comforts and conveniences of a magnificent Club House wherein:—

Members may invite their gentlemen friends to dine with them.

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H. V. Douglass, Manager.







## The Club Man's Diary

### Wedding Bells.

**I**T is some time since Mr. E. J. Tait heard the sound of wedding bells, so to call up a personal thrill. Of course, there were pleasant stage pretenses, such as the weddings of "Rose Marie" and "Rio Rita"; but E. J. regarded them with about as much emotion as it is his wont to kiss a leading lady.

But the wedding bells that heralded the nuptials, first of Jessie, then of Dorothy, rang gladly—perhaps a little sadly—for J. C. W.'s director. E. J. always was a wonderful pal of his daughters, and "Daddy" was their best boy, as he deserved to be. Then, almost in a twinkling, Mr. Tait found himself a father-in-law in two places—Jessie married to Jimmy ("Ginger Meggs") Bancks, and Dorothy to B. E. Wrigley, scion of a famous Australian commercial house, and popular member of this Club. We wish them joy—the joy rung out by wedding bells, than which none is sweeter.

\* \* \*

### Off Again.

**G**OOD-BYE once again to Mr. E. G. Vaughan. His happiness at sailing away this time was double-barrelled—he was in the company of cricketers (Mailey's team) for the trip across to the U.S.A., and on a mission to attend his daughter's wedding.

Mr. Vaughan's cricket enthusiasm intrigued him into accompanying the last Australian XI. to England, when the Ashes were regained.

\* \* \*

### Life Membership.

**I**N the long life of Mr. Joseph Bradbury he has had many experiences, and made many friendships; all of which made up into a happy function when he was presented recently with the Club's hon. life membership badge.

The President (Mr. W. W. Hill) made the presentation, and he was supported in a fine tribute by Sir Samuel Hordern—who recalled doubles the guest and he had collected—by Mr. C. E. Herd—who knew Mr. Bradbury 40 years—and by Messrs. Hannan, Underwood, Marlow and O'Dea of the Committee.

Altogether a graceful tribute by the Club, enhanced by the sincerity that prompted it.

\* \* \*

### Our Sympathy.

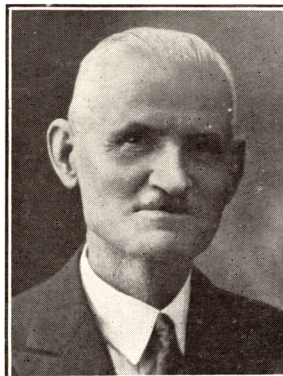
**C**ONSOLATION may seem cold in print, but here it bears the warmth of members' sincerity towards Mr. E. D. Clark in the recent death of his son. We know how he feels, and would like him to know how

we feel towards him in the sad circumstances. Friendship, like memory, survives.

\* \* \*

### Golden Wedding.

**W**HEN Mr. and Mrs. John Logan arrived at Farmers on May 3, there was ringing in their hearts the joy of an old romance—the romance of a boy who, at Grenfell 50 years ago, had said "I will," and meant it, and of a girl who had promised to "love and honour," and had kept it.



Mr. John Logan.

John Logan and his wife looked back to that 3rd of May, 1882, felt almost that they were living it over again, and then . . .

Their children escorted them to a private room where tables were set joyfully to celebrate the golden wedding. Golden apricot gladioli were the decorations and horseshoes made from golden chrysanthemums were strewn over the tables.

\* \* \*

### Great Sporting Career.

**M**R. LOGAN commenced his running career in 1886, and was in constant training till 1892. He won several handicaps and trained two Botany Handicap winners, one having been D. McDonald, who was backed by his connections for £20,000.

Mr. Logan also trained Clifford for his race on the Parramatta River for the sculling championship of the world, and was mentor of Hanlon when he rowed Stanbury for the laurels. Thereafter he commenced his turf career.

This grand old sportsman—who lives at 68 West St., Manly—has been a member of our Club for 40 years and—as he says—is still going strong. May he and his good wife be spared many more years of happy life.

\* \* \*

### Mr. H. C. Rouse.

**I**N an era of the past century which tested the courage of men, but did not break their hearts, a pioneer took up, among other station properties, one destined to loom large in the history of the thoroughbred of the Australian turf—Biranganbil.

A descendant of that pioneer, a grandson, died in recent months—Mr. Herbert Charles Rouse who, like his late brother, Leslie, was associated with the A.J.C., and showed his colours at classic Randwick.

In the joint management of Biranganbil, they bred thoroughbred stock and raced horses in partnership. Fame came to them ultimately with the importation of the sire, Brazen, from England, and Bronze Eagle, a brilliant New Zealander. Kuvera, the greatest two-year-old of last season, was bred, and his record compensated for long years of effort to get the best.





Mr. Herbert Rouse was a quiet, but popular, figure, stamped with the frankness of men of the open spaces. He made many friends, and it was a sad circumstance that he should pass at the comparatively early age of 55 years.

\* \* \*

#### Our Visitors.

**W**E like visiting sportsmen of kindred clubs to drop in as they are doing, for in that way are men who share much in common brought together. When they meet again, be it within, or away from, their home State, the party is at once complete.

Among recent visitors have been Messrs. David Ireland, John Morrison and Albert King, of Tattersall's Club, Western Australia. They called en route to Cairns.

\* \* \*

#### The Right Recipe.

**A** GREAT cure for depression is to jump aboard a boat for somewhere, just as Messrs. John A. Roles (Club Committeeman), Lionel Bloom and Leon Vandenberg showed how. As they left by the Orama they should be breathing the air of Epsom Downs while you read this.

\* \* \*

**J**ACK (AMMON RA) JAMIESON can now be regarded as a permanent casual in Sydney. With his large team housed at the late Tom Payten's stables at Randwick, he has ample accommodation, and needs it. His Sydney string are only a portion, almost as many still being at his private training establishment at Takanini. At present he must have more horses in commission than any other trainer in Australia or New Zealand.

\* \* \*

**M**AORILAND trainer, J. W. Lowe, certainly has the secret of perpetual youth. On each yearly pilgrimage to Sydney he looks

younger and younger, a tribute to the regular hours of his profession. He is again amongst us, and any day can be found on the second floor ready to take on all comers, and his 70 odd summers—and winters—sit so lightly on him that no assistance from the oculist is necessary for him to bring off a cannon at the top of the table. It was in 1906 that he won the Metropolitan for Mr. Bob Paterson with Solution. On the lookout for another Glare, he is taking back yearling representatives of Australian Sun this trip.

\* \* \*

#### Our Parliamentary Members.

**I**T isn't on record, even in the Great Room where the good yarns are spun, that once across the threshold of the Club, a Ministerialist has ever tripped over the plank of a member of the Opposition.

Yet we have within the four walls various politicians flaunting varying planks—but they don't drag them round from Macquarie Street to Elizabeth Street.

Just why that should be so was well expressed recently by the president of a leading sporting institution of England.

"A club," he said, "is a place of persons, not politics; of credentials, not creeds."

That's just why Tattersall's Club claims so many parliamentarians—Ministers of the Crown, ex-Ministers of the Crown, Upper House members, and Lower House members, included.

And they are all such jolly good fellows that we hate to think that, outside, they should ever disagree—even for purposes of policy—and that, alas, we individually should ever have to take sides—as a Club wit put it: "Take the callers of the highest odds."

Across the threshold, we find no personal, or political, distinctions in say, Mr. B. S.

B. Stevens, or Mr. W. J. McKell. Whatever be their status, outside, inside they come on to the friendly, common level of Club members.

If Mr. J. M. Dunningham—and we are deliberately avoiding political titles—should playfully duck, say, Mr. W. J. McKell, in the pool, no grave Statute is likely to be sundered.

Likewise, should Mr. Abram Landa finish one up on Mr. Archdale Parkhill in a game of golf, or Sir Thomas Henley perform a better giant's swing than Mr. Tom Murray in the gymnasium, no "Plan" becomes involved.

Senator Charles Hardy, Jr., may loop more loops on one of his horseback-motor-car-aeroplane campaigns than Mr. Davies, and General Lloyd be shown points in the strategy of crib by Mr. G. W. R. McDonald. Even may Mr. Ernie Farrar prove superior with foils to Mr. W. A. Holman—without anybody, or anything, in particular being foiled. There is no constitutional crisis; no appeal to the Privy Council.

So much also may be said of Mr. Tom Mutch, Mr. Sandy Jaques, Mr. Eddie Marks and Mr. E. B. Tresidder, all of whom have (temporarily) stowed away their planks.

Let us preserve this spirit, for it is the very soul of club life; and hail one another as sportsmen.



*Hon. B. S. B. Stevens,  
Premier of N.S.W.*



*Mr. J. T. Jamieson.*



*Hon. J. M. Dunningham,  
M.L.A.*





Mr. Geo. T. Rowe—Secretary, A.J.C.

## Rowes and Racing

**B**ACK in 1857 there was an epic match at Flemington—with 10 stone up, over 3 miles, and for £1,000 aside—between Mr. G. T. Rowe's Veno, representing N.S.W., and Mr. Chirnside's Alice Hawthorn, elect of Victoria. With famous Johnny Higgerson in the saddle, Veno twice vanquished the Victorian, and, between races, Johnny won a match on Cooramin against Tomboy, run over  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles.

Veno's owner was the grandfather of Mr. Geo. T. Rowe, who recently attained the post held by his grandfather in the far-away years—that of Secretary of the Australian Jockey Club after having been Assistant Secretary during the last 13 years of the late Mr. C. W. Cropper's term of office.

We extend our sincere congratulations to Mr. Rowe on his appointment, and feel sure that he will justify to the full the confidence reposed in him by his Committee.

Racing is in the blood of the Rowes, for the late Mr. G. W. S. Rowe, father of the A.J.C. Secretary, was Secretary to Rosehill Racing Club for many years. Mr. Reg. Rowe, brother of George, now occupies the position of Secretary to the Rosehill Club.

Mr. Geo. T. Rowe, knowing his turf history, can tell you that Johnny Higgerson was also famous for having ridden the winner of the first race run on the old Hyde Park course, about 1827. Johnny met his death through an accidental gunshot wound when only a year or so short of the century.

His son, Mr. John Higgerson—who holds the whip presented to his father after the Veno-Alice Hawthorn match—has passed the ninety mark.

## Tattersall's Club

SYDNEY.

### Billiard Tournament

250 up.

FIRST PRIZE .....	Trophy valued	£25
SECOND PRIZE .....	" "	£10
THIRD PRIZE .....	" "	£5

### Snooker Tournament

Best Aggregate Score for Two Games.

FIRST PRIZE .....	Trophy valued	£25
SECOND PRIZE .....	" "	£10
THIRD PRIZE .....	" "	£5

The above Tournaments will commence on

**Monday, July 25, 1932**

Entries close at 4 p.m. on 5th July, 1932.

Handicaps, 11th July; Acceptances, 4 p.m., 14th July;  
Draw, 15th July.

Entrance Fee for each Tournament .... 2/6

Acceptance Fee " " " " 5/-

To be played under latest Revised Rules. To suit the convenience of members, games will be arranged for afternoon or evening. Any member unable to play at or before the time appointed shall forfeit to his opponent. Only one bye allowed. Fresh draw after each round. The Committee reserve the right to re-handicap any player at any stage of either Tournament.

Above Tournaments will be followed by "A" and "B" Grade Billiard Tournaments, "A" and "B" Grade Snooker Tournaments.  
Phone M 4111. T. T. MANNING, Secretary.

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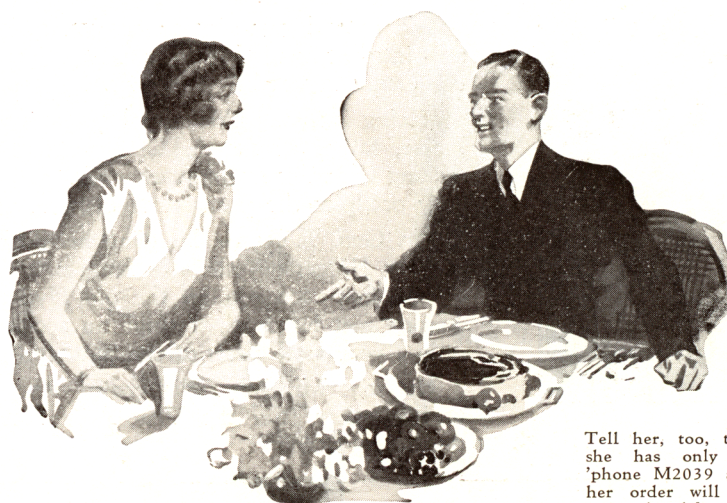
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## The Dining Room

### Many Members Fail to Appreciate Advantages.

It has been remarked by many notable and distinguished guests that Tattersall's Club is undoubtedly the most completely equipped club in Australia. No other club offers quite so many advantages to its members, and not the least of its diverse attractions is the restful and luxuriously comfortable dining room. Here everything that could possibly contribute to the enjoyment of a perfect meal is seen at its best. Furnishings, decoration, lighting, and table appointments are of the type that linger in the memory of the transient guest. Waiters have been trained to attend to the wants of diners intelligently and to study the likes and dislikes of the individual with subtlety, so that unuttered wishes are anticipated swiftly and smoothly. Members who dine regularly in the Club are particularly well served in this respect, because waiters then have the opportunity to become familiar with their favourite dishes and can suggest a truly interesting and well-balanced menu at a moment's notice.

The daily menus for both lunch and dinner offer ample evidence of an imaginative and experienced chef, and are a refreshing change to the monotonous fare characteristic of every-day restaurants. New dishes to intrigue jaded palates constantly make their appearance, and the cooking of both simple inexpensive luncheons and more elaborate dinners of many courses has all the excellence of a really distinguished cuisine.

### Special Facilities For Private Entertaining.

A personal menu to include as many guests as are required can be ordered at short notice, and private rooms are available for dinner parties and private functions of all kinds. Members who wish to entertain friends, or who like to dine with several of their fellow members, should note particularly that half portions a la carte can be ordered at one half a la carte prices, or full portions may be divided between two or more persons. When advantage is taken of this saving the only additional charge is 6d. per half portion or 6d. per additional person served in the case of divided portions.

The Committee is anxious to encourage members to make full use of the Private Dining Rooms for private entertaining, and special efforts will be made by the staff upon such occasions. This is a service which perhaps has not been brought sufficiently before members' attention, and it should be noted particularly for future reference.

As members know from experience, the cost of lunch-

ing or dining in the Club is remarkably reasonable, and prices are considerably lower than those of first-class hotel grill rooms and dining rooms of equal merit. Charges for private functions are on a similar scale and afford members the opportunity to effect a substantial saving when they wish to act as host to intimate friends or to have complete privacy for a business conference.

In addition to the first-class cuisine which gives distinction to the Club Dining Room, a very complete wine list is available in which is included many really exclusive vintages. Here again prices are considerably lower than those typical of public dining rooms of high repute, and with the absence of "tipping," which is not permitted, enables members to enjoy a repast reminiscent of the noble dinners of other days without being unduly extravagant.

Despite all these advantages, it is quite evident that many members do not appreciate the Club Dining Room as they should. The attendance would be considerably increased if only a proportion of those members who lunch and dine in town made the Club their rendezvous.

### Additional Privileges For Ladies.

It was recently pointed out to the Committee that more members would patronise the Dining Room if ladies were accorded the same privileges at lunch that they have always enjoyed at dinner. In response to these representations the Committee decided upon an important change of policy, and ladies, accompanied by members, will be catered for at luncheon as well as dinner every day except Sunday.

Thus, the only possible obstacle to increased patronage has been removed, and the Committee look forward to enthusiastic co-operation from all members in their efforts to make the Dining Room more popular in the future.

In the final analysis, the existence of every service afforded by Tattersall's Club to its members is entirely dependent upon the use members make of it. Unless the Dining Room is used more frequently by members who have need of city dining facilities, the continuance of the present high standard of catering cannot be maintained. The Committee, however, is confident that no member would care to see a decline in the efficiency of any section of the Club's organisation and, therefore, anticipates an increased patronage in the future.







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## Their Case

### W. H. McLachlan and Jockeys :: Luck Counts

Jockeys are blamed often without just cause, and luck is the paramount factor in race riding is the opinion of "Young Bill" McLachlan.

He is one of our latest Club members drawn from the ranks of trainers. In a corner of the big room recently, in a quiet talk, he showed that he had crammed a wealth of experience into his comparatively few years on the turf.

Naturally, this is not surprising when it is considered that in his early teens—15—he was holding his own against Donoghue and Co. in England, and in his second season went from one big success to another, including the Great Metropolitan and City Suburban double on Kwannon and Ulala and Masked Marvel in the Cambridgeshire.

Naturally, he still looks at racing through the eyes of a jockey.

Not the successes and presents and plaudits, nor the curse of wasting and starving, but the fortune and luck of race-riding, the different types of horses to be ridden, and the necessity of understanding.

Not so long ago a jockey well known in Sydney was liberally roasted by the grandstand critics for "firing a race into the air." Young Mac. disagreed emphatically. He expressed the opinion that the horse concerned was fully extended and could have done no better, although beaten by a narrow margin. The experienced rider on board bore out Mac.'s summing up. The horse was doing its utmost, and nursed and held together just failed. If another type of rider had been in the saddle—a slather and whacker—it is quite probable that the horse would not have gained a place.

Which brings up the difference in types of horses. Free-goers, sluggards, non-stayers, and plodders all have to be understood. Strangely enough, according to W. H., Jnr., horses that could be regarded as deficient in stamina could win races in England over long courses. He quoted Battleship, a winner for him over a mile and a half, who was little more than a sprinter.

Riding a race of that type in front to steal a race is one of the tests of a jockey, and in failure most prolific in criticism. Jockeys in England obtain more chance of practice in the art of distance riding than in Australia,

where sprints predominate, and it is a case of being hard at it all the way. Young Bill is also emphatic on the luck of races, pointing out that it is a more important factor on Australian courses than on the majority of the English tracks with their absolute straight miles.

He quoted an instance, which being based on a time basis may arouse debate. A horse tried with two others on a clear track records 1.42 for a mile. Allowance is made for racing plates instead of shoes on race-day and lighter weights. The race is won in 1.40 and the horse beaten. In his trial he ran the neat mile. In the race a mile, and an extra distance was covered due to a rocky passage round the turn.



Mr. W. H. McLachlan, Jnr.

Then just a check or two can make all the difference. Some horses are smart and can sprint to gain an advantageous opening.

Others are slower and miss the opportunity. A smart move is good jockeyship, according to the critics, but riders know that good horses make good jockeys.

The summing up is that luck is paramount. Young Bill is emphatic that only those who have ridden in races have the least conception of the many things that can happen. He bases his ideas on his English experience, where luck is a much smaller factor than in Australia. Naturally, ability in the saddle is no unimportant factor, experience, and understanding of the peculiarities of horses a big consideration, but luck is paramount. Nothing succeeds like success, and successful riders have the pick of mounts. For all that, race-onlookers can realise that jockeys are more often than not the playthings of Chance, and can logically explain defeats which are inexplicable to a disappointed backer. Even the most powerful field glasses do not explain intimate incidents in a big field.

## Time is Ripe

### For Concerted Action :: By Racing Folk

It being obviously the get-together season, the time is opportune for racing folk to make a really combined effort.

Racing, in common with every other sport and industry, has had its hour of tribulation, but at last the clouds have a suggestion of silver lining.

Whether for racing people they turn to golden hue again depends largely on themselves. That is to say, those vitally interested in racing for their livelihood, for the racing public is obviously not expected to be an active participant in revitalising the game. That

same public is, and always will be, interested in racing so long as Australia stands where she is. It is part of the breed. It behoves those responsible for the public entertainment to give at lowest cost and highest quality what is desired. Then racing will come back to its old-time glory.

It is realised that as a preliminary some sacrifice must be made. Racing as a luxury is faced with its share of the taxation of the rehabilitation period. The duty of those responsible is to see that the taxation is equitably distributed over all sections.



Sydney, 12th March, 1932.

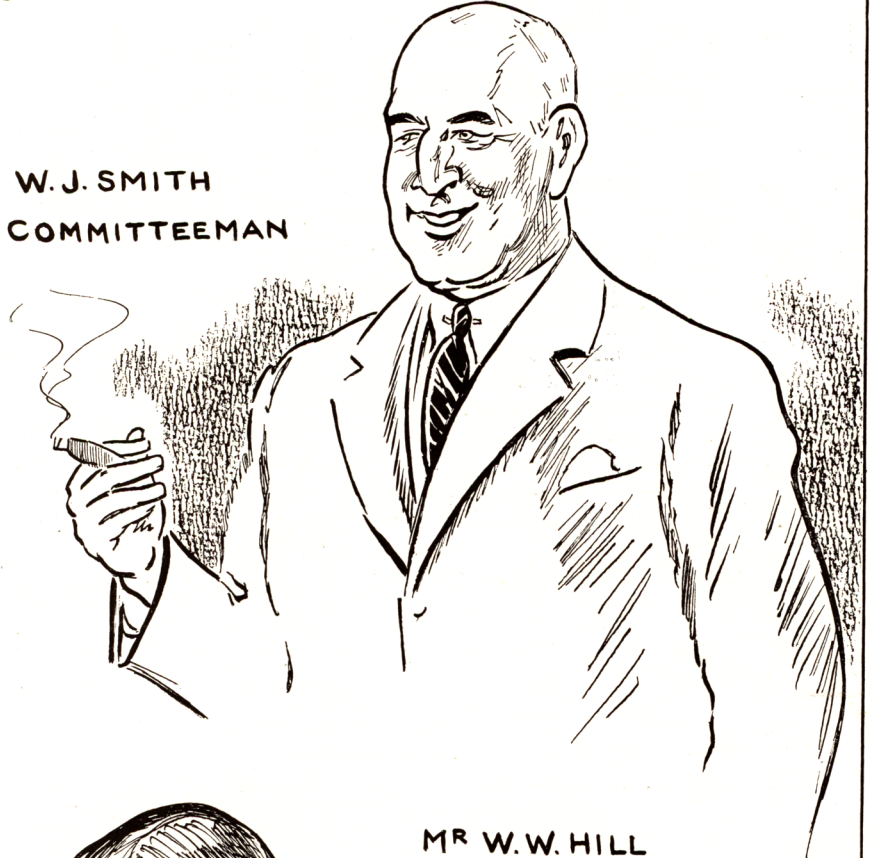




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## Tattersall's Golf Club

Since the last issue of the magazine, the Golfing section of the Club has held two regular monthly outings, at which large attendances faced the starter.

The outing at Manly in April last, drew a crowd which showed great enthusiasm, the reason for this being the occasion of the "A. C. Ingham" Cup (Fifth Competition), which was won by A. C. Berk, who returned a card of 68 net, closely followed by M. Polson with a net score of 69.

Detailed results were:—"A. C. Ingham" Cup: A. C. Berk, net 68. "B" Grade: M. Polson, net 69. "A" Grade: W. A. McDonald, net 70. Best Scratch Score: B. M. Riley, net 71. K. A. Bennett, net 71; K. Williams, net 72; A. J. Matthews, net 72; D. S. McDougall, net 72; E. K. White, net 73; W. A. Boyd, net 73; R. Barwell, net 74; V. B. Audette, net 74; A. V. Miller, net 74; G. J. Watson, net 74; J. R. Lee, net 74; A. H. Stocks, net 75; J. Hickey, net 76; T. M. Fitzsimmons, net 76; W. Cathro, net 76; Y. Pittar, net 76; W. S. Kay, net 76; F. C. Barnett, net 77; C. Lewis, net 77; J. B. Dowling, net 77; J. T. Hackett, net 77; W. Dittfort, net 77.

The fixture in May at the New South Wales Club's course at La Perouse was held under ideal weather conditions, and again there was a good attendance. The winner of the "A" Grade turned up in N. Stirling, who rarely misses an outing, and who returned a card of 3 up. "B" Grade Trophy was won by F. C. Bar-

nett with a card of 2 down, and the Trophy for the best scratch score went to J. L. Normoyle.

Detailed results:—"A" Grade: N. Stirling, 3 up; J. Normoyle, 1 up; F. H. Brown, 1 up; C. McLeod, 1 down; J. B. Dowling, 1 down; B. M. Riley, 1 down; S. Blau, 2 down; Dr. T. A. Daley, 2 down; A. Porter, 2 down; N. S. Longworth, 3 down; E. A. Nettlefold, 3 down; E. L. Betts, 4 down; D. B. Loudon, 4 down. "B" Grade: F. C. Barnett, 2 down; W. Dittfort, 3 down; W. F. Nelson, 5 down. Best Scratch Score: Winner, J. L. Normoyle.

Special attention is drawn to the fact that the Second Annual Ball of Tattersall's Golf Club will be held at Tattersall's Club on Saturday, 23rd July, 1932, and as only a limited number can be provided for, it is requested that bookings be made early to avoid disappointment.

The next outing will be the first competition this year for the Henry E. Coleman Bowl Competition, which will also be followed by the second competition at the next outing.

The Club Championship will this year be decided on the course of The Lakes Golf Club, and the winner may well be proud as this course provides a true test of golf.

Genial Dr. Riley quite recently returned a card of 76 gross, and if he runs true to form in the Championship Cup and repeats his previous performance at The Lakes he will certainly be very hard to beat.



**TATTERSALL'S  
GOLF CLUB**

### Second Annual Ball



To be held on

**SATURDAY, JULY 23rd, 1932**

Dancing, from 8.30 p.m.



Special attention is drawn to the fact that tables must be reserved beforehand with T. T. Manning, Secretary, Tattersall's Club.



### TATTERSALL'S GOLF CLUB

#### FORTHCOMING FIXTURES.

Wednesday, June 29, 1932—Avondale Golf Club.

Henry E. Coleman Bowl Competition—18 Holes Par Handicap.

Wednesday, July, 27, 1932—Pymble Golf Club.

Henry E. Coleman Bowl Competition—18 Holes Par Handicap.

Thursday, August 18, 1932—The Lakes Golf Club.

Club Championship, 1932—18 Holes Stroke Handicap.





# TWO NOTABLE SPORTSMEN

## Sir Adrian Knox

**W**E of the sporting world were apt, perhaps, to survey the personality of the late Sir Adrian Knox through a horseshoe.

Fact is we knew him best, cherished him most on account of his turf associations and achievements. The Sir Adrian of the High Court bench, the National figure whose legal erudition impressed the high personages at home and abroad, seemed someone of a vastly different world into which we peeped occasionally on tip toe; then, not with more than casual interest or concern.

The shock of Sir Adrian's passing, however, called up an enlarged vision of his stature; he came into truer perspective, and so we felt the pang in a national as well as a personal sense.

His great personal attributes became one in our survey with the sporting magnetism of the man whom a formal barrier of the official stand at Randwick did not remove from the racing crowd's affection.

He may, by reason of his status, have been "someone apart," and yet, as his character asserted itself, he was one with the great body of turf patrons; loving the sport for the sport's sake, jealous of its traditions, and, in the end, leaving a record of incentive and inspiration.

We might repeat the life history of Sir Adrian, as it was recorded in the press when he passed. Sufficient to say that, whether as Chief Justice of the High Court, or as A.J.C. Chairman, he submerged the personal equation for the higher ideal of service. By example he lit in life a lamp of devotion to the good cause, as it affected his country, his realm of duty—public and private—and his friendships.

Let the glow of the lamp search our souls that we may be inspired to "run true" to our allotted tasks, big or little, regarding, as Sir Adrian did, reward as secondary to service.

Few outside the Club intimates of the late Mr. C. W. Cropper knew that in childhood he was given "Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross" on the knees of a bushranger.

So it was that the former A.J.C. Secretary used rather to amaze friends in later life with the colourful story, told with feigned pride, of "the day I met Ben Hall."

As a matter of fact, when the notorious Ben called, uninvited, at the Cropper homestead on the Lachlan,

young Charles was innocent enough to let him in. The lad was standing by a window when he saw the bushranger gallop up to the homestead gates, take his bearings, and walking cautiously up the pathway.

"Is your daddy in?" was Hall's greeting. Informed that the man of the house was miles away, the bush-



*The late Sir Adrian Knox.*

ranger asked for Mrs. Cropper, who, with womanly intuition, guessed with whom she was confronted, and planned a scheme of conciliation.

Hall accepted an invitation to have lunch, ate and laughed heartily, assured the family that none need fear him, because "I never hurt women or children."



# SPORTSMEN PASS AWAY

## Mr. C. W. Cropper

Paying Mrs. Cropper a compliment on her cooking, the uninvited guest then pulled a chair near the fire, took young Charlie Cropper on his knee, bounced him up and down to the tune of the nursery rhyme, and told him a story, not about bushrangers.

All the time Ben Hall kept an ear cocked on the door,



*The late Mr. C. W. Cropper.*

lest he be surprised, but in particular for the footstep of Mr. Cropper, Senr. Hall's mission, as he confessed, ere going, was to shoot Mr. Cropper, a fearless man whose readiness to show fight in the protection of his home, and run bushrangers to earth, enraged Hall and his gang.

But Mr. Cropper was at the time miles away, and would not return until the following day. So what might easily have been a ghastly tragedy, had Mr. Cropper been caught unawares, passed more or less pleasantly.

Before Hall departed he visited the wine cellars—at his own invitation—but took the precaution to have young Charlie and the late Miss Ann Cropper accompany him.

"I don't like taking a chance of being trapped," he said grimly.

Before departing, the bushranger thanked Mrs. Cropper profusely for her hospitality and gave young Charlie a paternal pat on the head.

The boy watched Ben Hall walk jauntily down the pathway, swing on to his horse, and gallop off into the bush, realising little at the time that the stranger who was so jolly about everything had really come with murder in his heart—had been frustrated only by a kindly Fate.

The late Mr. Cropper might have written an entertaining volume on his racing experiences and his recollections of life in the great open spaces. But he was a man of great reserve, although so sincerely friendly and sympathetic that his popularity was never affected. He said little, but always said it gracefully, and left one never in doubt but that he meant what he said.

We remember the occasion when Mr. J. M. Dunningham, M.L.A., was entertained in the Club on his relinquishing the office of Treasurer. Mr. Cropper was not in the best of health at the time, and was avoiding night functions. But he came and compressed into a few words one man's manly appreciation of another. That was typical of C. W. Cropper—a sense of appreciation and of duty.

His sympathetic nature found expression when the A.J.C. purchased during the war Canonbury, which was first used as a convalescent home for soldiers and sailors, and is now a convalescent home for children.

There is no need at this juncture to recount Mr. Cropper's record, first as Secretary of the Kalgoorlie Racing Club; next his association with the A.J.C.. That is part of turf history—remembered and revered as the man who made it.

Perhaps we may hope that his name will be perpetuated by the A.J.C. naming a race after him at one of its principal meetings. For his name was an adornment, faultless and fadeless, in turf annals.





# The "Rajah" at Home

## Mr. W. Booth's Secret of Success :: The Gundaroo Way

Attention to detail has made a success of the business life in all its phases. That is trainer William Booth's secret of success, and has taken him to the top of the winning trainers' list on numerous occasions.

Not for nothing has he been dubbed the "Rajah of Rosehill," an apt soubriquet for this stickler for precision and orderly administration of one of Australia's most successful training establishments, and if any of Tattersall's clubmen are fortunate enough to be members of a party visiting "Gundaroo" they will find in the "Rajah" a host truly regal.

"Gundaroo" conjures up memories of the outback, and is the logical name for Mr. Booth's quarters. Away back in the 'eighties "Gundaroo" knew little Billy Booth, who required soaked cornsacks and a big saddle to ride Empress at 6 stone and win the Queanbeyan Cup, his first public appearance. Now, Mr. Booth has designs on ring events with old Fujisan, ridden by himself, and if Mr. Ned Moss is not careful Killarney will be coaxed away from him, too, to spend his declining years in the happiest surroundings and in similar congenial tasks.

Mr. Booth has seen Rosehill make many changes from the days he descended on Sydney with The Palmist, nearly 30 years ago. Mr. Gerald Massey was the owner who gave the Rosehill trainer the opportunity of showing his mettle on city courses. During the two months in Sydney The Palmist won four races. From a modest beginning the Rosehill property grew to its present extensive dimensions, with all facilities even for grazing and growing of green-feed, not to mention pasture for the Jersey cows which supply the staff with milk, cream and butter.

### Why We Went.

Not many days ago the Club's Secretary and I downed pens determined to test the tales of travellers to "Gundaroo." Nor were we disappointed. Reports of our predecessors did bare justice. Mr. Booth has the happy and inimitable knack of welcoming the coming and speeding the parting guest, in between times leaving nothing unshown or overlooked. But, perhaps, it would be as well to take the visit now in its logical order.

Punctuality was rewarded and, well—appreciated. In between trim lawns and gardens flanking the married couple's cottage—almost a homestead—the way was

made to the stableyard. Here military precision is enforced, W. Lea, who was abroad with Mr. R. Wootton in South Africa and England, proving a worthy sergeant-major and foreman of the staff. The feed-room with its well-filled bins, orderly alignment, and scrupulous cleanliness, would have passed the fussiest housewife. Apparently not one piece of metal escaped the polishing cloth for harness, implements, or fittings, even to the garden tap, glittered brightly.

First horse to come under notice was old Don Moon who, despite 10 years of experience, still objects to the clipping machine.

He was the first of the 30 horses to engage attention. His years sit lightly on him. He lives his life practically in natural surroundings. He has a big well-grassed paddock all to himself by day, and at night a cosy shelter open to the north and absolutely fresh-air quarters. He comes under the heading of paddock-trained. In all there are four of these shelters for horses whose temperament and constitution makes the outdoor treatment more efficacious.

### "I Dips Me Lid."

When old Fujisan appeared, bright as any two-year old, it was a case of "I dips me lid." His new owner obviously has a very soft spot for the old fellow, and no horse was paraded with greater pride. He has fitted into his new tasks like the sensible old horse he is, and Mr. Booth is confident he will be the champion of many a showing against all comers.

In all six yearlings are now in work at "Gundaroo," representing six different sires. On looks the palm went to Leila Vale, a fine big chestnut filly by Heroic from Maltgilla, the dam of the Derby winner, Tregilla. This filly is beautifully developed even at this early age, and is as quiet and sensible as an old hand.

Mr. Gordon Leeds, with ideas of a Tom Pinch, has a wiry grey flecked brown of his own breeding by The Wooden Horse from Nygee by Bright Steel. Somewhat plain, he may develop into a useful horse. Messrs. Thompson & Basche's Fernlove is by the new sire Fernkloof from the imported mare Lovelight by Son-in-Law, while there is also a sister to the unlucky Zilian who is also in work.

Brazen, too, has a representative in Vulgarify from



Mr. W. Booth.





the Malster mare War Whoop. On breeding alone he would command attention, and he looks the part. The remaining juvenile is a brown filly by Magpie from Curragh named Newsgirl. Each racehorse in embryo was a picture of condition, and particularly well forward for the time of year, although the "Rajah" is



*Fujisan.*

no advocate of early two-year-old racing, even though he has a creditable list of juvenile winners.

After the juveniles came in succession the older horses—most of them due for their run-out in the 22 exercise yards, adequate provision for most ordinary occasions. Tingalba, after a strenuous season and due for a respite, Ardeen a trifle light after a dose of physic, Sweet Maggie, wiry and good, the temperamental Nut Cup, whose owner, Miss Una Clift, is one of Mr. Booth's staunchest



*The Saddling Paddock, Rosehill.*

patrons; Phlare, wiry and speedy if not a weight carrier; Valmena, a rangy mare as yet in the early stages of her preparation; Irish Eyes, Regal Son, Weotara, Roman Spear, Tatyoon, Veneer, Caravel Boy, Winawin, and Eulclare.

#### **In All Shapes.**

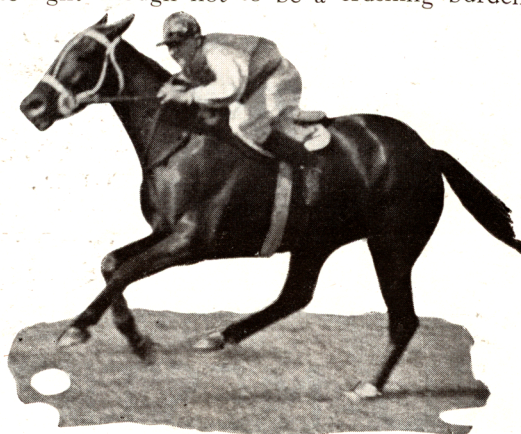
The appearance of Eulclare started a flood of reminiscence. Eulacre, the dam of Eulclare, supplies an ex-

ample of exceptions prove all rules. Eulacre as a yearling sported very doubtful hocks, and became Mr. Booth's property for 75 guineas. The critics would have none of her, but the turf history books show that she carried off the 1915 Gimcrack Stakes, starting at 15 to 1, and returned her purchase price many times over. As a brood mare she has carried on the money-producing work.

Winawin's claim to attention is relationship to Pen-theus. The brothers are totally dissimilar in colour, Winawin being a rich chestnut from whom more will probably be heard anon.

The reserve supply of feed is kept over a section of the stables, its quality and quantity a silent tribute to the glossy and healthy appearance of the horses housed below.

Nor are all the goods things of life reserved for the animals. The visit terminated just before the mid-day meal, and the appearance of the viands could only create the question of how the boys could keep themselves light enough not to be a crushing burden even



*Don Moon.*

for Fujisan and Nut Cup, used as they are to welter weights. For apprentices with aspirations to fame in the saddle and a tendency to increasing avoirdupois, mealtimes must be a trial of self-denial to the utmost degree. The staff has its own Jersey cows and milking yards, from which come full supplies of butter, cream, and milk. That the quality makes similar products supplied to the city dwellers simply anaemic is to understate. Even the stable cats have a sleekness not associated with a simple diet of mice.

The culinary arts are practiced perfectly by the more important partner of the household staff. At least that is the considered opinion of our party of two. The interior arrangements equalled absolutely the complete orderliness and exactness of the outside affairs. For country owners delayed in town, or for the purpose of being out at break of dawn to witness a trial, there is the guest chamber. Pardonably, it could be mistaken for a room of greater consequence.

With regret it was realised that all good things come to an end, and two very satisfied men journeyed back to town.





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# AUSTRALIA'S *Max. Wellhouse* OLYMPIANS 1932





## Farewell to Olympic Team

If the Australian Olympic Team, which sailed for Los Angeles by the Matson liner Mariposa on Saturday, June 4th, brings back a few laurel wreaths, as we all hope it will, Tattersall's Club will feel that the good wishes bestowed on the team at the happy farewell function on Wednesday evening, June 1st, had something to do with it.

Without trying to throw bouquets at ourselves, there is not a doubt that sportsmen who are welcomed or farewelled by our Club feel that they are arriving in these parts or leaving them under happy augury when given the glad hand of friendship of the premier sporting club of Australia.

The Victorian and Tasmanian athletes were specially brought to Sydney, and as a result the function was a wonderful one and thoroughly enjoyed by everybody, not the least by a few of the visiting English football team, who will never forget the manner in which Tattersall's arrange their affairs.

Taking the form of a combined concert and swimming carnival, the farewell never lacked sparkle from the moment it opened with the former part of the programme in the Club Room.

Concert items were well received, and when the community singing started, well, things began to move along and we haven't any doubt that, as a bunch of singers, Tattersall's Club members take some beating.

These items do make a friendly feeling all round, and the function had not been in progress long before everybody was right at home. If only a few of our star singers could be gathered together the Club might easily carry off a prize at one of the choral competitions.

At nine o'clock a general exodus was made to the Swimming Pool, with the promise of stirring contests with the Olympians as special attractions, and, believe us, the way some of the members and guests shot up those two flights of stairs must have made Olympic manager James Eve wonder why some of them were not in his team.

As usual, the swimming gala was snappy, just the right amount to make the onlookers want more, and that's just why our swimming carnivals are such a success, they are never drawn out too long—just long enough to send them along with a "zip."

Easily the star turn of the swimming was the performance of Andrew ("Boy") Charlton in the 300 yards race. It is very hard to realise the speed at which champion swimmers travel when they race with men who are in their own class, so on this occasion the Australian champion was asked to concede long starts to rivals who were not in the championship rating.

Messrs. Stan. Carroll and Ken. Hunter, of Tattersall's, were chosen as the other contestants, and the former, in receipt of 37 seconds, was about two and a half laps, and the latter, with a 23 seconds handicap, was nearly two laps on the way when the champion dived in.

There were cries of "He's got no chance of catching them in 15 laps;" but those critics were soon silenced when the Manly marvel overhauled them with those long, powerful strokes of his that had all beholders

wondering. With a couple of laps to go he was in front, and paddling to the end, he won by half a lap in 3 min. 39 sec.

That was a long way from what he can do when pressed, but it must be said that our representatives must have been stage struck, for they had both done far better than they did in track trials. Had they lived up to those they would have made the big chap go.

Still, it served to give some idea of what the Americans and Japanese who are being much boomed will be up against when Andrew Charlton gets alongside them.

The swim was the most impressive of any we have seen in the pool since the famous Swedish star, Arne Borg, made near record time for 440 yards there, and let us here say that our champion was not seen to best advantage, for he likes the longer distances, and has been regularly swimming eighty or ninety laps in the pool.

The 100 yards (five laps) was much closer. Olympian Noel Ryan was asked to give Tattersall's champion, Hans Robertson, a second, and another Club swimmer, Alec Richards, six seconds, and trials favoured the chance of the last-named, for he had been doing round about 62 secs. for the hundred all the week.

But the occasion proved too much for him, and the race lay between Ryan and Robertson, the latter getting home first by a touch after a stirring race in 58 4-5 secs., not fast time, for Noel had done 56 4-5 secs. at one of our carnivals.

The newly arisen star, the sensation of the season, Miss Frances Bult, was starred in a 60 yards dash, in which she was asked to concede a second to Miss Mollie Mitchell and two to Miss Vi Armstrong. She showed that she is in fair condition for her contests overseas by winning nicely from Miss Armstrong and Miss Mitchell.

There was a time when Miss Ena Stockley, ex-N.Z. champion, beat Miss Bonnie Mealing in an Australian backstroke championship, and they both swam without much success at the 1928 Olympiad at Amsterdam. Miss Stockley again beat her rival at the Farewell, but she had a handicap of 3 seconds from Miss Mealing in a short race over 60 yards.

There wasn't much in it at the finish, and though Miss Mealing is no stranger to our pool, she showed by far her best form, and looks sure to be right in it at Los Angeles. Miss Marjory Mikkelsen, 2 seconds, was third.

Miss Clare Dennis has swum several times at Tattersall's, but not since she put up her world's record, so her appearance was eagerly awaited, and when she did swim, fulfilled everything asked of her.

Conceding Miss Hewson four seconds over 60 yards breast stroke, the Olympian went so fast that she was with her rival at the end of two laps, and apparently had the idea that she had finished, for she stopped, but it was no trouble for her to again overhaul her opponent before the end of the next lap, to win very well.

In between items "Dick" Eve, who won the Plain High Diving Championship at Paris in 1924, was introduced,





and had the onlookers wildly enthusiastic over the dives he made. We sometimes hear that there are divers in Australia better than Eve, but we have yet to see them. His technique is remarkable, and he never makes an error.

Back again in the Club Room, the main business of the evening, the official farewell to the Olympic Team, was on the card.

In the capable hands of our Chairman, Mr. W. W. Hill, the official speech goes down as one of the best the Club has ever heard.

Tracing the history of the Olympic Games and the feats of Australians thereat, Mr. Hill missed no point, showed a keen study and knowledge of matters Olympic, and kept his listeners keenly interested during the whole of his speech.

He pointed out that the water sports had been the backbone of our teams all the time from when Fred Lane won the 200 metres at Paris in 1900 until recent times when Dick Eve won the Plain High Diving, and Andrew Charlton won the 1,500 metres in the same city in 1924, and again in 1928, when Bobbie Pearce won the sculls at Amsterdam.

He also paid a tribute to Frank Beaurepaire, who put up the record of representing Australia at the Olympic Games of 1908, 1920 and 1924, and pointed out that Andrew Charlton would equal that record when he dived in at Los Angeles.

In wishing the team every success, Mr. Hill said that no better prepared team had ever represented Australia, and that Tattersall's Club Committee had been glad to be able to help in some small way by throwing open its pool to assist the swimmers in their training.

Before introducing the 1932 Olympic team, Mr. Hill introduced Miss Fanny Durack, and told how this lady had won the Olympic 100 metres at Stockholm in world's

record time in 1912. Needless to remark, Miss Durack was very warmly received.

Then the gathering was able to pay tribute to the team as the members were introduced on the platform. Led by the manager, Mr. J. S. W. Eve, the team was:—Miss Frances Bult (Victoria), swimmer; Miss Bonnie Mealing (N.S.W.), swimmer; Miss Claire Dennis (N.S.W.), swimmer; Miss Eileen Wearne (N.S.W.), runner; Messrs. Andrew Charlton (N.S.W.), swimmer; Noel Ryan (N.S.W.), swimmer; George Golding (N.S.W.), runner; A. J. Hillhouse (Victoria), runner; William Barwick (Tasmania), runner; Eddie Scarfe (N.S.W.), wrestler; Duncan Gray (N.S.W.), cyclist.

Mrs. Chambers, the popular chaperone of the team, and Mr. James Taylor, President of the Australian Olympic Federation, were also given a great "hand." Also present were the team masseurs, Messrs. Gill and Terry.

In replying to the good wishes of the Club, Mr. James Eve, the team manager, said that this was the first official function at which the whole of the team, with the exception of Bobbie Pearce, who will join up at Los Angeles, had been present. The interstate representatives had been specially brought over to make this possible at Tattersall's send-off.

He hoped that when they returned that those who paid such a tribute in farewelling the team would say, "Well done, thou faithful servant."

Mr. James Taylor drew attention to the fact that the lighting of the room was arranged as close as possible to the Australian Olympic colours—sage green and old gold. He felt sure that the team would carry out the high traditions of Australian sentiment in sport.

So, with supper and song the function went its merry way, and everybody went home feeling, after seeing those champion sportsmen and sportswomen in the flesh, that Australia would be well on the map at Los Angeles.

## Swimming Club Notes

The contest for the Dewar Cup has never been so hot since the trophy was first presented to the Swimming Club.

With six more races to go before the swimmers are given three months in which to spell from active racing before next season starts, there's a terrific battle going on to see who will have the honour of filling the Cup at the Swimming Club's Annual Ball in August.

Including the points for the race on May 26, Mr. Stan. Carroll just has his head in front with 60 points from Messrs. Alec Richards and Ken. Hunter, both of whom have 58, with Mr. C. Godhard only a nose away with 57½.

The others are distanced, but we'll give them a bit of publicity and mention that next on the list are Mr. Jack Dexter 43, Mr. Vic. Armstrong 41, and Mr. Hans Robertson 40.

Mr. Hans Robertson won the Cup the first time it was up for competition. Last season Mr. Alec Richards was the proud winner, and he seems to be well in the running once again.

Since the last issue of the magazine the monthly point

score series have been won by Mr. Stan Carroll, February-March, and Mr. Ken Hunter, March-April.

As usual, the Club put on a 220 yards event in May, and this produced some fine racing, though, without exception, the swimmers reckoned the handicapper was too harsh on them.

In the final Mr. Armstrong scored a popular victory with a terrific struggle up the last lap from Mr. Carroll and Mr. Hunter, in 3.44.

The indoor sun-bathing area in the Pool is proving a great source of attraction, and we can see some of our swimmers surprising the surfers, when the season starts, with their colour. The lamps provide nothing but benefit to bathers, and the only thing that is required is a bit of care when first starting.

Just as in actual sun-bathing, it is necessary to start with a small exposure, and then gradually lengthen to get used to it and escape too much burning.

During the month the English footballers have found the athletic department a great attraction, the steam baths loosening their muscles no end, so perhaps Tattersall's Club may be blamed in part for the severe trouncing local teams received in the first three games.





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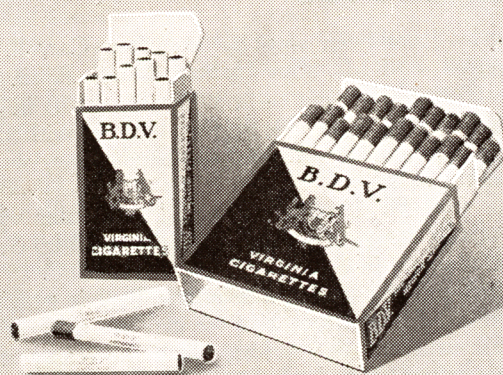
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# BILLIARDS

(By E.A.B.)

## Club Tourneys.

The Club's annual billiards and snooker handicaps are to be commenced on the 25th July, proximo. Entries in both departments are now being called for, and will close on the 5th July; handicaps are to be declared on the 11th July, acceptances on the 14th, and the draw is to be made next day. On conclusion of these handicaps, the A and B Grades billiards and snooker tourneys will follow. A big list of nominations will encourage the committee in its endeavour to promote the interests of the game and furnish entertainment and amusement for members generally.

## Hints To Players.

The whole art of billiards playing consists in striking the cue-ball with the desired amount of force, and in the true line that your eye tells you will carry the ball off the first object ball to the pocket or second object ball. The stroke you make upon your ball reflects your skill as a billiards player. When you come to recognise this you will probably take greater pains in addressing yourself to the stroke than has been the case before. Once the ball leaves the cue, you can do nothing to help it. Those wriggling and strained movements, which are so commonly to be seen around the billiards table and the bowling green, are so much waste of effort. You can no more assist the progress of your ball as it rolls along the cloth or bowling green, than you can alter the state of the weather. Amateur billiards players are not entirely alone in this defect. It is human nature to experience some agitation over an unexpected failure or a crawling, untrue shot. There are many leading players who cannot refrain from screwing themselves about, whether they or their opponents were at the table. Still, these are bad habits which, if at all encouraged, catch you tripping on the stroke, and when this happens, you will be lucky if you score. Freedom in swinging the cue aids greatly in a free and clean delivery of the cue-ball. You may swing your cue in your own way, and you may swing it as you may see others doing; but you can be sure of this, that there is a right and a wrong way of delivering the cue. Some players give as many as six or eight backward and forward movements of the cue. Not less than four, or more than six, with five as the happy medium, is recommended. Swinging the cue is a billiards necessity and a playing virtue.

Proficiency in winning hazard striking may be termed the backbone of billiards. It is often possible to strike the object-ball in a wide variety of places and make a losing hazard or cannon, but there is always one spot, and one spot only, on the object-ball which must be struck if it is to be sent straight and true to its destination in the pocket. This imperative necessity for absolute accuracy in the manipulation of winning hazards, makes the constant practice of these strokes so valuable as a means of perfecting the all-round accuracy indispensable to the accomplished cueist. It follows, as a logical sequence,

that a player trained to hit a ball with great exactitude in order to pocket it, must be able to hit his object with equal certainty when called upon to do so by the exigencies of positional play or the difficulties of a bad leave.

Since E. Kentfield, the first champion, wrote the following words, much has been written regarding the striking of a billiards ball, but there is still a world of billiards wisdom in his remarks. He wrote: "Let the player first stand to his ball, and before he takes his position for striking, cast his eye on the object-ball, which will enable him to accomplish it correctly. Then he must apply his cue to that part of his own ball which it is his intention to strike, in doing which his eye will necessarily rest upon it, and next the sight must be steadily directed towards the object-ball, upon which it must rest until the stroke has been effected; for when the eye is suffered to wander from one ball to the other, the vision becomes distracted and the power of correctly directing the hand is lost."

## Holding The Cue.

It is admitted generally that the correct manner of holding the cue is of primary importance in billiards, and, in this connection, many of the leading players and teachers have at times given their opinions on the subject. All are in agreement that the cue should be held lightly, but William Cook, junior, in his handbook on "The Game of Billiards," enters very fully into the matter. "Inter alia," Cook says, "one cannot lay down any law as to the correct way of holding the cue but, in my opinion, the cue should be held with the first finger and the thumb, that is to say, as lightly as possible. After some practice (which, by the way, is the great secret of success at billiards) this method of holding the cue can be made to cope with any shot, from the most delicate to the out-and-out forcer. The usual fault of catching hold or gripping the cue in freely-played strokes is thus, to a considerable extent, minimised." By clenching the cue, Cook says, you do not get more power in your strokes, as might be imagined, as this bad habit only deadens the stroke. The reason is simple: In clenching the cue the wrist is held stiff, and as one of the most vital requirements of good billiards playing is a loose wrist, clenching the cue must be carefully avoided. A nice means of tracing the difference between these ways of holding the cue is in screwing a ball. First, try with the cue hand held very loosely to screw your ball a long distance by getting plenty of run into it, and then try with the cue tightly grasped. It is thought that nine out of ten who experiment in this fashion will find they can screw back a much greater distance with a very loose cue.





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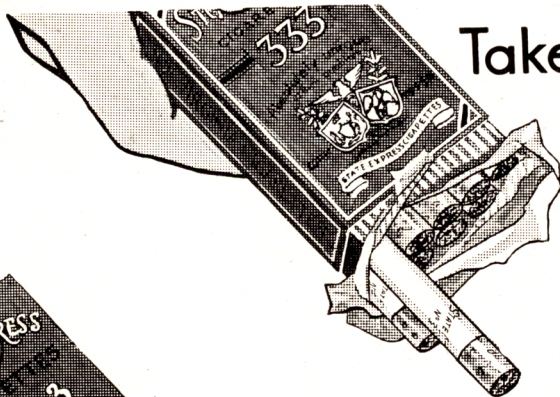
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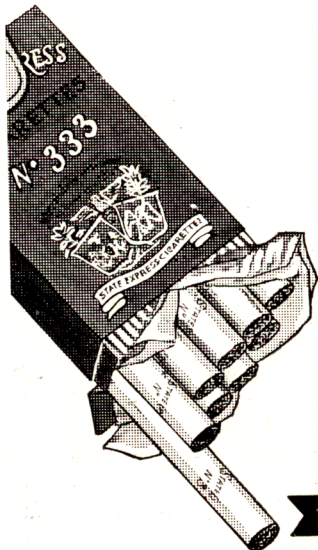
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# The Ringer

## A Tale of the Shearing Sheds

By A. B. ("Banjo") Paterson.

Of all the books that have been written about Australia, can anyone remember one that had a good account of a shearing shed in it? Perhaps you might think there was nothing to write about in a shearing shed, but in the days before contract shearing came in, when the boss used to engage his own shearers, the roll call at a shed was as good as any play and better than most.

Take now old Hungry Duncan's shed, up at the head of the Murrumbidgee. Old Hungry was what is called a hard seed, and made the shearers keep down on the sheep all the time. He was stingy about grass, and would not allow any shearer to have more than one horse; also he grudged the roustabouts any luxuries with their tucker, and he fought each successive shearers' cook a bitter battle over pots and pans and necessary culinary equipment. From which it might be deduced that the shearers would avoid old Hungry's shed, but not a bit of it. They regarded him as a foeman worthy of their steel, and the man who could score a point over Hungry Duncan had all the kudos of a diplomat who had out-generalled Talleyrand. Hungry Duncan had no humour himself, but, like Falstaff, he was the cause of wit in others.

Let us now set the stage for the annual drama of Duncan's shearing. It is the day before roll call, and already a lot of the men who have written for pens have arrived and are busily engaged playing two-up in the shearers' hut. Down at the homestead, old Duncan prepares for bed, a belated mob of shearers gallop past, making the quiet valley echo with fierce yells of "Wa-whoo, wa-whoo"; the dogs bark, the cows bellow, the fowls cackle, the turkeys gobble, and the old powerful owl that haunts the big acacia tree over the homestead lets a combined roar and screech out of him and makes the other noises seem like dead silence by comparison.

When this din has died down, old Hungry turns to his niece, who has come from Sydney to see the shearing, and says: "There y'are, Ellen, that's shearers for yer. All flashness. I hope the publicans got every bob out of them before they left the town. They'll be easier to handle. And I hope Jack Macaulay's here."

"Who's Jack Macaulay?"

"He's the rep."

"What's a rep., uncle?"

"He's the man that does all the talking that they don't do for themselves."

"And isn't he flash?"

"Yes, he's too flash to walk down a chain road. But he's a great shearer is Jack, and he don't drink. He's a gambler, and if he's out of money he'll shear all day and all night to get money for gamblin'. He'll shear wet sheep when it suits him. Of course, they take a vote on wet sheep, but they mostly go by what the rep. says. One day I knew the sheep would be wet, and I didn't go down till late, and when I get there they're all shearin' away for their lives. So I pick up a fleece in my hand and it's stone cold, and I say, 'Jack, these sheep are wet,' and what do you think he has the impertinence

to say? He says, 'Yes, I know they're wet. I've heard the frogs croakin' in their backs these ten minutes.'"

"And what did you say?"

"I said, 'What did you shear them for, then? You knew the wool would be too wet to press,' and he said the shearers knew I wanted the wool off, and they were always anxious to oblige me, so they shore them. The low scoundrel. Just to show me a point he did that. I suppose he'd blow about it all over Queensland."

\* \* \*

The roll-call. A mob of men in all sorts of ragged clothes are gathered yarning at the end of the shed. They mostly wear villainously greasy flannel shirts with the chests open, and the arms cut away—Jack Howe shirts, in fact; so-called after the celebrated shearer who first shore over two hundred sheep in a day with the blades. Their trousers are shiny with grease off the sheep, and are mostly tied round the calves and ankles with twine. In place of boots some of them wear pieces of sacking tied round their feet, so that they will slip less on the greasy floor. It is the end of a long run of sheds for most of them, and they are hard as nails. Their cheek-bones stick out and the muscles ripple on their shoulders and chests as they move.

\* \* \*

With the portentous gravity of a judge taking his seat in a Court of Justice, old Hungry walked round to the raised platform from which the wool is loaded into the bullock drays, and from that eminence surveyed the shearers below him. Clutching a fistful of letters and references in his hand, he started on his list. It was the first time the shearers had ever seen a lady at a shed roll-call, and each shearer determined to say something that would go down in history.

"Jack Macaulay."

A man about six feet two in height, with a heavy moustache, big, overhanging eyebrows, and a figure apparently cut out of granite by a skilful sculptor, raised himself from the ground. "Here," he said.

"Grace, J., W., and S."

Three little men, built of steel springs, silently rose and stood alongside Macaulay.

"Gillespie."

"Not here. He couldn't get away. He's at The Downfall, and they haven't cut out."

"Clarkson."

"Here."

"Ned Smith."

"Here."

"Bolton."

"Not here. Left him tight in Wombat. He said the room was full of pink wallabies and he was going to stop there and shear them."

So it went on through a list of a dozen men who had engaged pens, and at the end only three were missing. Duncan had to fill three places, so he looked at the half dozen men that were left.

"Cassidy," he said.





A red-headed customer stepped forward and eyed old Hungry with the shrewd side-wise glance of a cockatoo.

"Do you want a pen?"

"Yes."

"Got any papers? Can you shear?"

"They reckon so. There's only one thing wrong with my shearing. After I've shorn a sheep, the wool never grows on him again. I get right down to the roots."

Old Hungry eyed him malevolently, had a look at his references, and put his name down.

"Simpson."

"Yes."

"Where did you shear last?"

"Longreach, Queensland."

"Ha, I don't want any Queensland rough cut here, you know. I want 'em shore, not the wool hacked off with a hoe."

"That's all right, boss. I got the sack from my last shed over that."

"You got the sack?"

"Yes, I was going so close on 'em the sun was scalding their backs."

Another grunt, and a suspicious examination of references, but Simpson passed.

"Graham."

"Yes."

"What are you?"

"Learner."

"If Hungry had only noticed it, a quick flicker of the eyelids ran from man to man—a sort of telepathic signal that goes round a mob of Chinamen when one of their number is trying to beat the Custom's officer with forged papers. But Hungry didn't notice it.

"Got any papers?"

"No, but Jack Macaulay knows me."

"Can he shear, Jack?"

"Well, I've seen better shearers and I've seen worse. But you'll have to put him on, for the only cook that has turned up is a mate of his, and if Graham don't get a pen, the cook won't stop. And then what are you going to do? His mate's a great cook. This is him here. Bill Harris!"

A cheerful, round-faced, clean shaven fat man detached himself from the mob. He eyed Duncan with an ingratiating smile that disarmed suspicion. Thinking that he ought to be able to get the best of a cook like that, old Hungry told the shearers to elect their rep. and to ballot for pens, while he went down to the hut with the cook for the inevitable battle over equipment.

"I'll want a few things," said the cook, "jest a few things. I ain't a man that wants the Australia Hotel to cook in, but there's only a couple of kerosene tins and a camp oven. A man can't cook for shearers with that, Mr. Duncan."

"Can't he? I've cooked with less many a time."

"Oh, so have I," said the cook. "I have cooked in a Queensland shed where all the gear they give me was a butcher's knife, a blunt axe-head—I had to make the 'andle meself—and a couple of kerosene tins to cook for

twenty men. But that's all done now. Men won't stop now unless you feed 'em right. You know that, Mr. Duncan."

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want a stove."

"A stove! A stove for shearers! They don't know what a stove looks like."

With the air of explaining something to a fretful child, the cook said: "Your boundary rider's wife has a nice little stove she don't use much, and she'll rent it for the shearin' for a quid. What's a quid to you, Duncan?"

"What's a quid to me, you scoundrel? I worked for my money, I did. I'll throw away no quids on stoves. You can roll your swag and clear out."

The cook seemed hurt and sorrowful. "Well," he said. "I heard you was hard, but I wouldn't have believed this. Well, better days, Duncan. I never leave a pastoralist except when he's in difficulties, and you're in difficulties now, Duncan. There'll be no other cook come down this far, and the men'll be off to-morrow."

Duncan climbed on his horse. He knew that if he stayed there arguing the cook would want about forty other things. He seemed that kind of cook, and the thing to do was to draw off his forces with as little loss as possible."

Putting his horse to a trot, he shouted over his shoulder, "You can get your damn stove," and was off down the paddock to help the musterers.

\* \* \*

Bell-oh, and the shearers sprang to their pens like runners breaking out of their marks. The hum of the machines the clatter of the feet of sheep, the barking of dogs, and the shouts of the penners-up made a kind of saga of the great Australian industry. Old Hungry walked up and down the shearing floor, not watching anybody in particular, but watching everybody. The learner was the crucial point. How was this learner going to shape?

He began clumsily, but carefully, pushing his machine through the wool with little, short dabs, leaving a little tuft of wool here, and inflicting a slight cut there, but not doing too badly. When the cracks had shorn two sheep he had shorn one. Then somebody called Duncan away, and when he got back to the board he was just in time to see the learner putting a sheep down the chute with all the wool still left on its legs. With its closely shorn body and woolly legs, it looked as if it had white top-boots on.

Duncan was on to him like a tiger.

"Here, hey, you," he said, "I'll raddle that sheep. That sheep's not shorn."

"Right-oh, boss, you can raddle that sheep, and you can raddle my — account if you like. You want a barber with a razor and a pot of lather to shear your sheep. But just watch now till I shear another of these leather-bellied old Rosellas of yours. You can't spear a man on one sheep you know, Duncan."

"Lighting a cigarette, the learner caught his next sheep and got to work. With long easy sweeps, he





went in one movement from hock to nose, the wool rippling off like foam. So easily was it done that the sheep actually seemed to enjoy it, and in an incredibly short time the "learner" was going down the other side with his long, sweeping blows. Duncan stood speechless, but a whisper ran along the pens, and when he shored another sheep in the same effortless way every man in the shed started racing. The three Graces, who were crack shearers in their own district, decided to give this newcomer a go, and Cassidy, abandoning his policy of going down to the roots, began to send his sheep down the chute decorated with an equal proportion of severe cuts and tufts of wool. Only Jack Macaulay, who knew about this learner, shored away at his usual pace, grinning to himself.

"Here," said Duncan, "what's this? You call yourself a learner! Are you the Graham that shored the big tally at Necoleche?"

"Well, I shored two hundred and twenty sheep, and I would have shored a big tally, only the picker-up dropped dead trying to keep the wool away from me."

"You're the man that was demonstrating for Dalgety, and won the gold medal for shearing?"

"Too right, I did."

"And what are you doin' down here, pretendin' to be a learner?"

"Well, Duncan, they told me that if I could shear through your shed without havin' a sheep raddled, it would be a world's record. And you've made me miss the world's record by one sheep."

\* \* \*

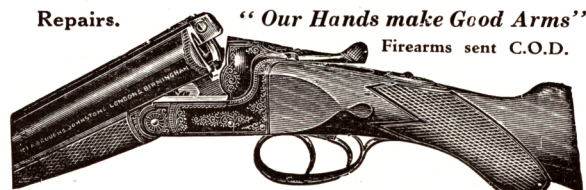
And away out beyond the Darling and to the farthest Queensland sheds, goes the word that Bill Harris, star cook of a hundred sheds, made old Hungry Duncan cough up a stove to cook for a handful of shearers in a little stringy-bark shed in the Murrumbidgee mountains, and how Jack Graham, gold medallist and demonstrator, rung himself in as a learner, and showed Hungry Duncan more points than there are on a porcupine. Only those of us who know the inside facts of the case are aware that the crack cook and the crack shearer really went down there for the trout fishing, and all the rest was just a sideshow. Shearers are queer cattle.

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# Inter-Club Games Competition

## MARCH RESULTS.

### Royal Automobile Club v. N.S.W. Sports Club.

#### BRIDGE:

Royal Automobile Club won by 9 rubbers to 5.

#### DOMINOES:

Royal Automobile Club won on points.

#### BILLIARDS:

Sports Club won by 2 games to 1.

#### SNOOKER:

Sports Club won by 2 games to 1.

### Masonic Club v. Commercial Travellers' Association.

#### BRIDGE:

Masonic Club won by 350 points.

#### DOMINOES:

Masonic Club won by 4 games to 2.

#### BILLIARDS:

C.T.A. won by 2 games to 1.

#### SNOOKER:

C.T.A. won by 3 games to nil.

### Tattersall's Club v. Australian Motor Yacht Squadron.

#### BRIDGE:

Tattersall's Club won by 1527 points.

#### DOMINOES:

Tattersall's Club won by 6 games to nil.

#### BILLIARDS:

Tattersall's Club won by 3 games to nil.

#### SNOOKER:

Tattersall's Club won by 3 games to nil.

## APRIL RESULTS.

### Australian Motor Yacht Squadron v. Masonic Club.

#### BRIDGE:

Masonic Club won by 150 points.

#### DOMINOES:

A.M.Y.S. won by 17 points.

#### BILLIARDS:

Masonic Club won by 3 games to nil.

#### SNOOKER:

Masonic Club won by 3 games to nil.

### Commercial Travellers' Assn. v. N.S.W. Sports Club.

#### BRIDGE:

C.T.A. won by 5,361 points.

#### DOMINOES:

C.T.A. won all games.

#### BILLIARDS:

C.T.A. won by 2 games to 1.

#### SNOOKER:

C.T.A. won by 2 games to 1.

### Royal Automobile Club v. Tattersall's Club.

#### BRIDGE:

Tattersall's Club won by 1,879 points.

#### DOMINOES:

R.A.C.A. won by 71 points.

#### BILLIARDS:

R.A.C.A. won by 2 games to 1.

#### SNOOKER:

R.A.C.A. won by 2 games to 1.

## MAY RESULTS.

### Masonic Club v. Royal Automobile Club.

#### BRIDGE:

R.A.C.A. won by 731 points.

#### DOMINOES:

Masonic Club won by 47 points.

#### BILLIARDS:

Masonic Club won by 3 games to nil.

#### SNOOKER:

Masonic Club won by 2 games to 1.

### Tattersall's Club v. N.S.W. Sports Club.

#### BRIDGE:

Tattersall's Club won by 3,557 points.

#### DOMINOES:

Tattersall's Club won by 4 games to 2.

#### BILLIARDS:

Tattersall's Club won by 2 games to 1.

#### SNOOKER:

Tattersall's Club won by 3 games to nil.

### Commercial Travellers' Assn. v. Aust. Motor Yacht Squadron.

C.T.A. won all games on forfeit.

## COMPETITION POINTS TO DATE.

	Points
Commercial Travellers' Association . . . . .	13
Masonic Club . . . . .	11
Tattersall's Club . . . . .	10
Royal Automobile Club . . . . .	7
N.S.W. Sports Club . . . . .	6
Australian Motor Yacht Squadron . . . . .	1

## Competition Fixtures

Wednesday, July 13, 1932.

Commercial Travellers' Association v. Royal Automobile Club.

Tattersall's Club v. Masonic Club.

Sports Club v. Australian Motor Yacht Squadron.

Wednesday, August 10, 1932.

Masonic Club v. Commercial Travellers' Association.

Royal Automobile Club v. Sports Club.

Australian Motor Yacht Squadron v. Tattersall's Club.

Wednesday, September 14, 1932.

Sports Club v. Commercial Travellers' Association.

Tattersall's Club v. Royal Automobile Club.

Masonic Club v. Australian Motor Yacht Squadron.

Wednesday, October 12, 1932.

Sports Club v. Tattersall's Club.

Royal Automobile Club v. Masonic Club.

Aust. Motor Yacht Squadron v. Commercial Travellers' Association.

Wednesday, November 9, 1932.

Commercial Travellers' Association v. Tattersall's Club.

Masonic Club v. Sports Club.

Royal Automobile Club v. Aust. Motor Yacht Squadron.

Host in each case will be the Club first mentioned.





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